Like Summer Tempests

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13020237.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Jack Crawford, Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Mrs. Komeda (Hannibal), Tobias Budge, Franklin Froideveaux, Abigail Hobbs, Garrett Jacob Hobbs, Will's dogs
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Mating Bond, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will, Prequel, Mpreg, Rape/Non-con Elements, Humiliation, Male Lactation, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Rimming, References to Depression, Sexism, Prejudice, References to sexism and homophobia, Knotting, Collars, Character Death, Hannibal is a Cannibal, Possessive Behavior, Possessive Hannibal, Hannibal is a manipulative bastard, Lies, Canon-Typical Violence, Omegaverse, Anal Fingering, Anal Plug, Hannigram-Freeform, Foreshadowing, Pseudoscience
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Shifting Sands
Stats:	Published: 2017-12-15 Completed: 2018-01-04 Words: 17,407 Chapters: 4/4

Like Summer Tempests

by CrippledShadow

Summary

Will barely managed to detangle himself from the bed and stumbled to the bathroom. He retched miserably over the bowl even though there was very little in his stomach after a week in heat, mind going unbidden to the feel of semen being pumped into his body as he vomited as if that could be expelled too...

Will wakes after having spent an unexpected heat with his friend and psychiatrist, now forced to face ramifications in every aspect of his life due to having been bonded.

The story of the months leading up to the events of Timeworn Morality

Notes

Hello everyone,

After roughly two years the final part for Shifting Sands is ready. Enjoy :) This prequel story will cover the months leading up to the Timeworn Morality

P.s Although this is covered in the tags I will mention again so there is no chance of alarm that this chapter involves some ugly rape/non-con. Those who wish to avoid this need only stop at the halfway point.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Will barely managed to detangle himself from the bed and stumbled to the bathroom, painfully hitting his knees on the tiles as he collapsed in front of the toilet. His head was pounding and the action of standing had bought his attention to how his whole body protested. He retched miserably over the bowl even though there was very little in his stomach after a week in heat, mind going unbidden to the feel of semen being pumped into his body as he vomited as if that could be expelled too.

The omega whimpered weakly as humiliating images resurfaced in his mind even though he could not remember anything clearly after those few fateful minutes in his…psychiatrist's office.

Heat, after so many years. How was it even possible...

"Oh Will," Hannibal sighed. His footsteps retreated and he returned moments later holding a blanket, kneeling to drape it around his trembling mate. Will reached blindly to grip the material, wincing as the movement drew his attention to a stinging pain at the base of his neck. Clutching the blanket about him with one hand Will pressed shaking fingers to his mating gland, groaning at the feel of torn skin and healing teeth marks. He'd been claimed. Will flinched at a gentle caress up the back of his neck and fingers stoking through his hair.

"You mated me." Will hated how weak his voice sounded, as if begging something not to be true. It was almost more than he could bear but made himself look up at the alpha. The carefully poised psychiatrist was barely recognisable, hair hanging loose about his face and deceivingly muscular arms and chest very visible as he was dressed in just a pair of track pants Will would never have expected the man to own. A small portion of Will's mind still under the influence of hormones preened at the sight but he dismissed it in disgust at himself.

"I did," the alpha replied calmly. "Are you in any pain?"

"Nothing unexpected," Will replied shortly, glad at least that this time he sounded curt rather than weak.

"Will, that is not a proper answer," Hannibal chided. "I'll need to examine you later."

"No, no this can't be happening..." Will ran a hand across his face wearily. Aside from the still raw bite on his neck he could feel that there were patches of small bruises and scratches along his hips and throat but most of the pain was located in his lower back.

The alpha had fallen silent and after a long moment Will peeked up at him, startled as a flicker of hurt passed over the man's face.

"Take a shower. We can discuss this later."

After the bathroom door had closed Will pulled himself up by the edge of the tub and struggled the short distance to the shower. Although his legs still shook when he put his

weight on them cleaning the dried sweat and other fluids from his skin helped clear his dazed mind. As much as he felt like either crying or screaming Will reminded himself that what had happened was an accident and more likely than not because he had missed a dose of suppressants even if he didn't remember doing so. Regardless of what the doctor may have said they were both now in a situation they didn't choose and had to work through the fallout.

Will wrapped a towel around himself before heading back and kept the blanket over his shoulders. Even if the action felt far too much like childish hiding he couldn't help the need to cover himself up as much as possible. He found the alpha seated at a small desk, the bed already remade with fresh sheets, writing or drawing.

Hannibal glanced up at Will a touch amused but let the silence hold till his omega was ready.

"I know it's not your fault," Will said, addressing a spot across the room. "I just don't know how to react right now. It's like everything I've worked for is suddenly built on quicksand because of a choice I didn't consciously make."

He had sought Lecter out when he was hours away from a heat cycle even if only subconsciously and probably had thrown himself at him at once in the throes of it, unable to help himself.

"I will confess that I had not expected to acquire a mate under these exact circumstances," Hannibal admitted although his expression as he watched Will fidget across the room was pure fondness.

"You've suspected what I was before, haven't you?"

"Yes." Hannibal saw no need to deny it.

"How can you be so okay with this?" Will asked exasperated. He wanted so badly to be angry but all he really felt was tired.

"You are under the impression that you are not a desirable mate." Crossing the room almost silently Hannibal gently tilted Will's chin up, forcing a brief moment of eye contact. "Intelligence, beauty, compassion... who would not wish for these traits in a mate."

Will remained almost cowering against the wall, wishing he at least had some clothes on.

"There will need to be adjustments for both of us but that does not mean we can't both benefit."

"Everything I have now I've worked for for years. I-I don't want to lose all that."

"Are you worried that you will?"

"I...I," Will struggled to voice his worst concerns.

Hannibal took a step closer, bringing them almost chest to chest and reached out to brush back a loose curl. "I do not wish to take away your freedom, Will. As your alpha I will be better able to maintain your emotional and physical needs to keep that wonderful mind of

yours sound. You know I am very fond of you, Will, and I know you are not opposed to my company."

That was quite an understatement. Over the past few weeks he had grown increasingly dependent on the other man, trusting him completely to the point that he didn't even think of him as an alpha. Although Will knew his attachment was unprofessional Lecter had encouraged him to view their sessions as informal and himself as a friend. Could he have missed that polite interest and friendliness as being something more? Surely not yet when he looked back at the alpha all he could see was smug satisfaction and desire so completely opposite to the panic and embarrassment he was feeling himself.

Will startled as both the alpha's hands moved to cup his face but automatically parted his lips when prompted by Lecter's mouth against his. The kiss quickly turned hungry, the alpha forcing his mouth to open to accept his tongue and Will couldn't help a pleasured moan as he gripped onto the older man's shoulders to stay on his feet, letting the blanket fall off his own shoulders.

Satisfied, Hannibal let his hands move to Will's waist, pulled the omega towards him and yanked the towel loose. The sound that escaped Will was more an indignant squeak than the valid protest that he'd intended.

Practiced hands moved up and down Will's body as Hannibal walked them backwards towards the bed, pulling the omega down on top of him.

Will squirmed on the older man's chest as the doctor's hands moved insistently between his cheeks to press against his tender hole which to his slight embarrassment was leaking again with fresh slick. Hannibal withdrew his fingers and rolled Will off his chest so he could sit up, bringing the damp digits to his mouth for a taste as he admired the body spread out in front of him.

Below him Will watched wide eyed, so beautiful with a mix embarrassment, fear and lust across his face and present in his heady scent. Although a quick glance showed that the omega was only half hard a visible wet patch of clear slick was forming underneath him on the sheets. Direct exposure to particular onslaughts of alpha pheromones would always trigger this response in mated omegas and as a newly claimed omega it would take a few days for Will's body to adjust and only produce a small amount.

Abruptly, Hannibal flipped Will over onto his front, sliding his own body down on top. The angle allowed him better access to the mating bite scar, standing out angrily from his mate's pale skin. Planting a gentle kiss against the skin below the bite he breathed in deeply from the hollow of the omega's throat.

"Beautiful," he murmured appreciatively. "So much sweeter without that atrocious aftershave and beta musk spray smeared on your skin."

"Doctor Lecter-" Will started breathlessly.

"Hush my sweet," Hannibal soothed, stroking up and down from the bottom of Will's ribs to his thighs as he pushed them further apart and kept breathing in the succulent scent from his

neck, the soft curls covering his face. Rather than remove his pants to bury his knot again Hannibal simply loosened the drawstring enough to pull his cock out and carefully positioned himself against the waiting hole.

Will gasped as he was penetrated again, surprised more than pained or in pleasure but lay still as the alpha thrust into him. Distantly he was aware that there was something wrong with that; laid spread out on his belly with the material of the alpha's trousers rubbing uncomfortably against his naked skin as he was fucked like a toy when minutes earlier he'd been close to tears of frustration but it was hard to hold onto that feeling.

Hannibal made sure to keep Will's hips pinned in place to keep him from unseemly rutting against the sheets, blanketing the smaller body. He felt the moment when Will tightened around him as he came from penetration alone and reached under him to play with his mate's nipples. By the time his knot had swollen and sealed them together he'd coaxed another orgasm out of the younger man.

"Doctor," Will started again.

"Yes Will?" Hannibal smiled against Will's shoulder. "And I think all things considered it would be best that you call me Hannibal from now on."

"I need to move."

Hannibal held Will more firmly by the waist and shoulders in order to shift them more comfortably onto their sides. "Is that better?"

Will started to nod but broke off, turning his face into the pillows. He was already so exhausted but there were things he needed to say now.

"This was a mistake..." *I don't want a mate*, he couldn't bring himself to say. After all maybe it wasn't entirely the idea of mating that terrified him, more the conclusion he'd drawn years ago that no alpha would ever want him other than to force him to change in ways he would not want to. He still craved acceptance but had learned not to expect it.

"Perhaps," Hannibal said, tugging the slight body closer and cradling him gently. "But you are exactly the omega I want. If you had not come to me when you did I expect I would have soon begun to pursue you."

"You don't care much about what other people think about you, do you?" Will said, somehow feeling a little better after having heard that. He felt the alpha's lips against his neck turn up in a smile.

"I have never felt ashamed of my interests, Will, or concerned myself if those did not fit within conventional standards," Hannibal said smoothly, reaching to stroke along the omega's thigh and gradually dipping between them. Feeling that he was close to ejaculating again Hannibal ran a finger along his mate's perineum and pressed hard against the skin reddened from use directly below where his knot was settled to put more pressure on Will's prostate. He was rewarded with a soft pleasured 'oh' and reflex arching of the omega's back to coax

out another around of sperm. Hannibal held Will firmly in place by the hip until he'd finished, allowing a groan of his own pleasure against his omega's shoulder.

"You've had to make do alone for so many years but you are not alone anymore," Hannibal whispered as the omega started to doze. Hannibal made sure to honey his words with soft touches to gentling points in the wrists, collarbone and lower back but carefully avoided the key area of Will's neck to avoid frightening him.

Although his heat had passed the hormones still lingering in his system would make Will malleable for another few days to romantic overtures, advances and promises of love, fidelity and children that would normally be repellent. Another little biological perk to help aid in the process of new bonds.

Hannibal stayed awake beside his mate long after the omega had fallen asleep, simply enjoying the satisfaction of having acquired his prize after weeks of careful planning.

After having scented the sweet hint of preheat on Will the previous week he had begun planning for the inevitable cycle, beginning to clear his schedule and even going so far as to begin the necessary paperwork outlining his ownership and the soon to be made changes to Will's employment. Although it had not been difficult to replace the suppressant medication his mate relied upon with a lower dosage and several placebos there was still an element of risk as he couldn't control completely when Will's heat would start and whether he would able to be present to claim him. To be on the safe side he had prepared an inducer shot but it had been clear from the moment Will wandered through the office door that it would not be necessary.

The moment that Will had realised what was happening to him and for a moment saw the disguised predator in the room with him was so utterly beautiful that he had saved the image alongside seeing the same omega streaked in blood from the slain Garrett Jacob Hobbs, hands pressed over the daughter's cut throat.

Still holding Will snuggly in his arms he finally let his eyes drift shut for a moment to wait out the tie.

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"Please, not now," Will breathed as he realised what happening to him. How had he missed the warnings, the aches, prickly skin and gradually mounting fever…

The room contorted as he stumbled forward uncontrollably and grabbed blindly for the ladder he'd been leaning against moments before, head spinning. Worse than that though was the sudden damp feeling in his underwear. The heat suppressants he'd been taking since his teens kept his scent muted enough to pass but no alpha would miss the smell of fresh slick.

“Will? Is something wrong?”

Although he heard nothing but concern in the other man’s voice Will automatically shied away, trying not to panic. It didn’t matter that the man in question was someone he otherwise trusted entirely; within this context he was only an unbound alpha who’s actions could be accounted for with certainty. Keeping his head down he managed to mumble a quick apology but as his gaze was directed down roughly level with the other’s chin he didn’t miss the flaring of his nostrils as the alpha inhaled the unmistakable scent. With no further thought than desperation to put some distance between them Will tried to dart past him to the door. Before he’d managed more than another step he was yanked backwards, stumbling, caught and then pinned against the older man’s chest, his right arm twisted and trapped between their bodies and a tight hold around his neck.

With practised ease Hannibal kept the omega restrained with one arm to remove the forgotten holster on the omega’s hip and throw the gun out of reach, using the familiar hold and slight difference in their heights to hoist his mate off the ground enough that his own weight would work to tire out his frantic movements. Will continued to struggle but with the pressure around his throat and barely able to balance with his feet partway off the ground there was not much he could do without risking breaking his neck. More than that with the heat coursing through his body working against him it was only a matter of time before Will gave in, his instincts and now barely conscious mind as the stronger of the two implored him to fall to his knees and offer up his throat and leaking hole to the alpha.

In truth, Hannibal was more than a little proud of his mate for his efforts. When Will started to go limp in his arms from his own jerky struggles Hannibal let him back onto his feet, shifting his hold to keep Will’s arm trapped and free up one of his own arms.

“My sweet Will." Hannibal worked his free hand lower down Will’s front past his erection to press up between his thighs and palm the wetness seeping though the omega's trousers. “You’ve neglected your needs for far too long."

“Doctor,” Will croaked. “Don’t…don’t make me…do this…” He whimpered loudly with fresh panic as the erection pressing against his arse made him more of aware of him own wetness.

Finally growing impatient Hannibal lowered his head enough to whisper in the omega’s ear. “I’m afraid this will not hurt any less. I hope you will forgive me.” Without further warning Hannibal wrenched Will’s head forward and bit down hard on the sensitive back of his neck.

Will cried out as the punctured omegan nerve point made his whole body go limp, his legs giving way under this and, to his humiliation, made him ruin his pants with a more substantial release of slick.

Hannibal buried his face in the sweaty curls to breathe in the delicious mix of fear and omegan arousal. Still holding the younger man upright he pressed a line of kisses down Will’s neck to the unbroken skin over his mating gland before half carrying the omega to his desk.

As much he would have preferred for the omega to have come to him willingly, to take him the first time in the comfort of their bed, Hannibal had known that it would likely have to be otherwise and accepted it. Regrettably with the resistant behaviour he did not even have time to take Will back to his house for their first time although there was a certain appeal, no matter how crass the notion was, of claiming his mate in his place of work that held much more personal and significant moments of their relationship so far.

There would be time later to court his mate more openly and gradually win Will's affection after he had claimed him.

Will groaned weakly as he was arranged and pined in place bending over the wooden desk, his trousers hurriedly pulled down to his ankles and his legs pushed as far apart as the material would allow. His mind was growing foggy with need but he pushed against the approaching heat blindnesses.

"Oh Will," Hannibal sighed. "Such as mess, what am I going to do with you?" When he'd finally worked his own belt open and pushed himself inside he paused, dragging out the pleasurable moment. Below him he could hear Will whimpering again at the sudden fullness and squirming as much as he was permitted.

Even in heat Will's body was deliciously tight, not at all surprisingly as he knew the boy had no prior sexual experience as a true omega. It would have been kinder to stretch his mate around a few fingers first but he could not quite resist the temptation to completely feel Will as he was penetrated the first time and reminded himself that even though his precious omega was not quite over the threshold into a blind heat frenzy he would not remember anything.

Within minutes his knot had begun to swell and Hannibal distracted Will, quietly weeping and whining into the crook of his arm, with gentling caresses up his sides and murmured words nuzzled into his neck. He waited until he was on the verge, knot heavy and catching on the omega's tight rim, before finally biting down hard on the mating gland.

Underneath him the overwhelmed omega had fainted from the joint sensations of pain and pleasure but for now, breathing easily and sated. Hannibal carefully lowered himself over Will's motionless bent form. Over the next fifteen to thirty minutes he would continue to release seed into the omega although it was unlikely that there would be a result after Will having spent so many years suppressing his body. Once he was able to move it would be a simple matter to guide his mate out to his car and take him to his new home to enjoy the rest of the heat in comfort.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hello all and thanks to everyone for the lovely responses to chapter 1 :)

Several developments in Will and Hanni's relationship amid a couple of little warning signs Will may have missed...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal's first impression of his mate had not been overly positive yet he had not been able to resist following up under Jack Crawford's request as far too few things were amusing to him on a day to day basis. The last thing he had expected was to be left uncharacteristically speechless after only a few minutes in the man's company and needing a poorly worded hint from Crawford to drag himself out of his thoughts.

It may have been somewhat risky to leave a corpse defying everything that the Shrike's had shown but the temptation was too much to resist. After being asked to accompany Will as he followed a lead Hannibal had quickly confirmed the truth he had begun to suspect as there was something off about Will's scent and some of the behavioural ticks not naturally associated with betas. The insight Will had shown had fascinated the alpha and he found himself paying more attention to the unusual sweet note to his scent through the pungent cologne and almost artificial beta musk.

As he stepped into the Hobbs' family kitchen and beheld the younger man streaked with the inferior killer's blood and that of the last vicim as he kept pressure on her bleeding throat that he had known for sure, the rush of adrenaline amplifying the profiler's untainted scent that was all omega enough for Hannibal's trained nose and even, he suspected, several of the EMTs and agents who arrived later but who fortunately were more preoccupied with the dead man and quickly fading girl.

At that moment Hannibal's plans shifted. By the time Will realised how much he had come to rely on the psychiatrist Hannibal had already abandoned his original plan to break apart his toy's mind from the sidelines and begin courting him as a mate.

Hannibal shifted slightly to press more snugly against his dozing new mate's back. The omega sighed out softly as he woke, so gently in comparison to the panicked breaks from nightmares the poor man had often suffered in the past.

Unsurprisingly it turned out Will had not conceived after the first heat, much to the omega's relief even if he attempted to conceal it. That was no matter as a little time to adjust to their new situation would be more helpful in the long run. Despite the predictably challenging start to the morning following immediately after Will's heat a lot of progress had been made.

While still dazed with the aftereffects of his rushed cycle and the recent sex, Will had still seemed nervous the first morning as they shared breakfast. Still flushed with hormones and dressed in only a borrowed dressing gown the omega made quite the vision of temptation.

Although he acted resistant to many aspects of social interaction Will responded well to words and gestures of affection once trust had been established. In truth Hannibal expected that the omega had suffered a great deal while on suppressants because of the distance he was required to keep from others alone. Touch starvation and general insufficient gentling was a common problem in omegas for increasing anxiety.

Hannibal had already considered the changes to their living situations to make Will more comfortable including allowing him to stay at his current job and keeping the omega's former house and even proper accomodations for the dogs.

"How are you feeling this morning?" Hannibal asked softly, stroking along his mate's side.

"A little nervous," Will admitted. He had been off work for a week now and was dreading the reception he may have to face from his colleagues and students upon returning.

"What is still upsetting you?"

Will almost felt like laughing at the ridiculousness of the question but forced it down. "Jack doesn't know, or he didn't. Only a few higher-ups were aware; most people assumed one thing and I didn't correct them."

A lie. Will had gone to great lengths to imperfectly disguise his omegan traits and deliberately avoided any chance someone would draw close enough to see. Still, interesting to know how little attention Jack had paid particularly for a man in his position. Hannibal had already filed that information away for future use.

"Will, there is no need for you to work at all if you do not wish to, and no shame in taking longer to adjust-"

"Yes, there is," Will interrupted pulling himself away from the alpha.

Returning to work without the beta disguise he'd clung to for years reminded Will far too much of the hellish first day back at high school after his first heat. As a child he had not understood why he could tell more about other people and although like most children would, he had tried to use that to fit in better but it was frequently overwhelming.

Other children disliked him for the most even though they didn't really understand why. After he had presented as an omega the ability to simply exist in the background was gone. As part of a rare subgroup Will was viewed as either a rare prize or a freak for another reason. All the same most of the attention he received had more to do with the curiosity and novelty he represented in a small town with no other male omegas than any desirable quality about him.

Will was too aware of people passing him in the hallway pausing in confusion and of eyes following him. He had agreed to take a week off hoping that would be long enough for his scent to settle even if that was a delay at best although it was clearly still noticeable. As his first class entered the hall several trainees took visible double takes and there was a loud buzz of conversation as they moved to their seats.

After only forty minutes his attention was drawn to the doorway as he noticed Jack Crawford lurking inside the door. For a moment he was worried if Jack would choose now as a good time to shout at him but for once the man held back but the cold look of disgust somehow hurt more than if he'd just yelled at him.

Between classes and his shortened work week it was over two weeks before he had to talk to Jack.

Lecter had graciously handled the process with his boss and negotiated Will's classes back to three days a week as was common for working omegas. Will still felt sickened that after so many years of working to get past the limitations of his secondary sex suddenly being defined by it again even if Hannibal had actually been very kind and accommodating so far.

Although he had not been called off to any cases Will had noticed the alpha lurking in the doorway to his lecture hall several times.

Finally knocking on the alpha's office door felt uncomfortably like being called to the principal's office.

Jack motioned him in and to sit down without glancing up from the papers in his hands.

"You've had this position for almost five years now, right? Quite an act to keep up that long."

"It's not illegal to not talk about something you don't want broadcasted," Will said quietly. It wasn't as simple as that but Will had never lied directly.

"All those times I asked if you could handle the crime scenes you never thought to tell me you were an omega?!" Jack's voice rose angrily and Will bit back the pathetically omegan response to appease and apologise.

"I was cleared for fieldwork so it really isn't relevant," Will said.

"And that brings us to Dr Lecter." The alpha stood up as he spoke and began pacing around the office. "I ought to have his license for this-"

"As you both were so keen to stress, our meetings weren't offical, even if you only said that so there wasn't an ethical issue of patient confidentiality," Will interrupted. Despite himself he could feel his own frustration building. Even if he was still focused primarily on his own rough side of the deal it made his blood boil to hear Jack talk like that about his friend. "He hasn't done anything wrong; it just happened."

Perhaps later he'd find it odd how quickly he felt the need to defend the doctor but a few careless days was not enough to cancel out everything else. For weeks prior he'd leaned on Lecter while being entirely unaware of the man's budding feelings for him. A guilty flush heated Will's face as he thought more about how difficult it must have been for his friend; his own resentment of the situation had blinded him to almost everything else.

Jack seemed to forcibly calm himself and returned to his desk. For a long moment neither spoke.

"And he has no problem with you being here?"

"No."

"Try to see this from my perspective Will," Jack said in a less aggressive tone. "The work we do is challenging and the last thing the bureau needs is the likes of Freddie Lounds spinning stories about omega investigators."

"I can't control what she thinks is worthy of news and more importantly I didn't ask to be back in the field," Will countered, refusing to be intimated this time."If you think I'm no longer capable of working than that's your call."

Jack seemed to have ground to a stop but didn't respond.

"Is that it then?" Will knew he was being rude but couldn't bring himself to care as Jack's behaviour was far from professional.

When Jack didn't respond Will moved to pass him but the older man roughly caught hold of his arm, leaning in enough to scent him.

"What the hell was that!" Will yanked his arm back.

"God, you reek like Lecter," Jack grimaced unperturbed by what Will had said. "So you've had us all fooled for years and all of a sudden you can't help yourself. Pathetic!"

Will crossed to the door without responding and managed to make it to the bathroom before hyperventilating. He didn't hate his biology, a natural set of structures that had heavily influenced the kind of person he was now but he despised the way every action he made outside the docile behaviours of his secondary sex was so difficult.

Will had been quiet all evening and after greeting him Hannibal had immediately realised why as he could small Jack lingering on his mate's skin. As much as a rapidly shrinking part of him opposed the idea the omega didn't flinch away from Hannibal's hands at his waist, not quite subconsciously leaning into the older man.

"What did Jack say?" Hannibal asked softly.

"Nothing I didn't at least partially expect but..." Will trailed off.

Wordlessly, Hannibal steered the younger man down the hall to the study and into one of the twin armchairs by the fireplace. He returned a few minutes later bearing a tray of herbal tea. Will accepted an offered cup with a nod of thanks. Had he been at home it would probably be the preferred glass of whiskey instead but probably for the best overall. He wondered if that thought was on the alpha's mind too, as he smiled somewhat apologetically.

"Considering the current circumstances, our usual beverages might not be for the best."

"Circumstances?"

"In the course of a few days your life has been altered irreversibly, professional and personal. I hope that if there is anything else that will make this process more comfortable you will not hesitate to tell me."

"It's not about that, or not really." Will shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "Some things Jack said hurt more than I thought they would," he paused. Now that he had begun however, returning at a later date would only be more painful. "I know this whole situation can't have been ideal for you either, no matter what you've said," Will mumbled. It was embarrassing really, how focused on the unfairness on him he had been, while Hannibal had been as forced into it as him. "You didn't ask to be stuck with me."

"I would never consider time in your company as such." Hannibal smiled, laying a hand on Will's knee. "Although some of our pursuits may vary a great deal where it most counts you and I are very similar. I would like you to feel you belong in my world and I in yours. Perhaps," Hannibal let a trace of vulnerability and hesitation into his voice. "Due to the slightly unorthodox circumstances of our bonding you would allow me to court you now."

Will's fingers slipped on his tie a second time, drawing a low chuckle from the other man. Although they had known each other for some months now Will had never seen Hannibal in a social setting, attempting to stick to some professional boundaries despite the alpha's encouragement to do otherwise. He was very nervous about meeting some of the alpha's peers but recognised that it was not an unreasonable request for the two of them to spend more time together. He flinched involuntarily as the other stepped closer, pried the material loose and removed it.

"A live performance of any kind is superior to reproductions and broadcastings and not much can match the experience of a well made opera," Hannibal said with a soft smile. "I hope you will enjoy it."

Hannibal briefly bought the tie to his nose before folding and pocketing it, moving his hands down to unbutton the top two buttons on Will's dress shirt to better view the omega's newly marked neck.

"There. Almost perfect," Hannibal said.

The unguarded fondness often tinted with something more when the older man looked at him still made Will slightly uncomfortable even if the other emotions raised were more pleasant. He cared for the alpha a great deal and while they had certainly enjoyed intimacies beyond what was now arguably their first date it was difficult being the centre of anyone's attention. Will blushed as the alpha stepped back, crossing to the dressing table and retrieving a rectangular black jewellery box.

"What is that?" Will asked unsure and very reluctantly accepted the box. Inside lay an omega collar. Will dropped it as if burned. "I can't wear that."

"Will," Hannibal said patiently, reaching down to pick up the box. "You must understand that the people we will be surrounded by tonight uphold the more traditional practices for kept omegas. In this case it will draw less attention and be safer for you to conform."

After a long moment Will nodded and Hannibal gesturing for the omega to turn so it could be placed on him.

The simple strip of black leather contrasted pleasantly with the healing bond mark still an angry red against the omega's throat.

Although the performance itself was quite enjoyable Will couldn't help but feel nervous as the majority of the audience lingered for drinks after the show. He was keenly aware that the suit he was wearing was far more fitted than anything he would have ever bought for himself combined with the collar snugly about his neck and the fact that he had shaved off his beard in an attempt to look a little less poorly kept, he looked more classically omegan than he had in years. Hannibal had introduced him to several people but it was quickly made clear that he was not expected to contribute to discussions or to talk at all.

It was easy to pick the handful of other omegas present, collared mates and adult children scouring for potential suitors, hovering close to their mate's or in some cases guardians and not speaking unless directly spoken to. The whole setup was sickening, reminding him all too well how a large portion of the population still viewed people like him.

Hannibal's right hand resting on Will's waist slipped down to squeeze his hip reassuringly while the base of his hand pressed lightly on the soothing omega point on his lower back, sensing his tension and trying to gentle him subtly. Will tried to pull back without thinking and Hannibal tugged him back against his side. The omega had tried to faze out the exchange between his mate and an older beta, Mrs. Komeda, jerked back into focus as the woman's gloved hand reached out and tilted up his chin.

"He'd be so pretty if it weren't for that scowl," the woman tutted, addressing Hannibal. Will pulled back too shocked to say anything but the beta seemed unperturbed, merely shaking her head with a condescending smile. "I look forward to that dinner party, Hannibal."

Once left alone Hannibal steered his omega towards the side of the room. "I must apologise for some of my acquaintances but I hope you know that you are doing very well, my sweet."

“This is a nightmare,” Will whispered. “I can’t, I-”

“Shh.” Hannibal pulled Will properly into his arms, cutting him off. “We do not need to stay much longer.” Once Will had stilled in his arms Hannibal lowered his head to nuzzle against his mate while his fingers crept up to play with the edge of the fine leather about Will’s throat, enjoying the fact that others would be able to see them. “I am very grateful that you agreed to come.”

Will gasped softly as he was kissed gently, melting against the solid frame of the alpha.

“Doctor Lecter!”

Will felt his mate momentarily tense against him and opened his eyes in time to catch a glimpse of cold malice in the alpha’s before it was gone, the man turning to greet the interruption. He imagined that it was a trace of the raw, primal alpha he barely recalled from during his heat. While it excited him to see more of his mate than the poised mask, at times Will felt frightened as well.

“Hello Franklin.”

After a moment Will realised he recognised the portly beta smiling completely unawares up at the doctor as well as the tall, African-American alpha in his wake. The former had taken a seat at the end of their row and repeatedly turned in his seat, watching his mate’s reaction to the music and performers.

“This is my friend Tobias.” Franklin gestured to the man behind him who stepped forward to shake Hannibal’s hand.

“Tobias Budge,” he reiterated. “And who might this lovely creature be?”

“My mate, William.” Although his tone was perfectly polite Will didn’t miss the veiled aggression underlying both men’s voices or the way Hannibal automatically drew him in closer.

“May I?” Tobias extended his hand to Will but rather than shake his hand as he had the other alpha he turned Will’s over palm up and pressed a light kiss to the inside of his wrist.

Will felt unsettled as while he had scene the old-fashioned gesture offered to other omegas no one had done to him. As the two alphas began to converse Will noticed the beta’s shoulders sinking, feeling lost.

“I’m so glad we bumped into each other,” Franklin interrupted in a hurry. “It’s been a while since we’ve…”

“Our appointment is on Monday, Franklin, we will see each other then and should not have any contact outside that scheduled time.”

Oh, that made more sense as to why Hannibal would know someone like this.

“Yeah, I know.” The beta blushed a little but picked up his attempted conversation again. “I’m not surprised you’re into this sort of thing though but I guess I don’t know much about you really. I didn’t think you were mated.” The plump man turned to look at Will. “Sorry, I’m staring, I’ve just never met a male omega in real life before.”

Looking at the man Will could see without trying that he was envious of anyone who had a personal relationship to the alpha but it wasn’t petty jealously or a desire to be involved romantically. He saw loneliness there and an eager need to be liked, grabbing onto sources of ill-fitting connection because at least that was better than the dull ache of being completely alone. That at least was understandable.

“As it happens, I am afraid that we must be going now. Gentlemen.” Hannibal nodded politely to Tobias who returned the gesture, and led Will away still holding onto the omega possessively.

Hannibal had watched the way Will's hand never strayed far from his collar on the way home, no doubt anxious to remove it as soon as possible. However, unlike the vaguely interesting piece of information he had gauged about his patient’s friend filed away in his mind without much consideration, he was keenly aware of what a beautiful vision his mate currently was and did not intend to let the night end just yet.

Once safely upstairs Hannibal playfully pulled Will back against him, scenting the beautiful omega as one hand slowly began to work open the remaining shirt buttons. His tailor had admirably managed to complete the suit in time from the measurements supplied as Hannibal expected his mate would not otherwise have agreed to having one made especially to properly accommodate and emphasis the fine lines of his body.

“I know this evening must have been difficult for you but I appreciate how well you behaved,” Hannibal praised pressing kisses to Will’s neck.

Something in the alpha’s choice of words made Will feel uncomfortable but he dismissed it, wanting for the moment to simply forget everything crap about the last few days. “I don’t want to talk about it,” he said softly, working himself loose enough to turn back around and pull his mate into a proper kiss.

Walking Will back towards the bed, stripping away his mate’s clothing, Hannibal pressed the omega down on his back. Will stretched out automatically but frowned when the alpha took hold of his wrists and pushed them both up above his head, one hand being pulled away from his neck as he reached to unclasp the collar.

“Hannibal?”

The alpha smiled as he retrieved the folded tie from his pocket and used the fine silk to restrain Will’s wrists to the headboard. “You trust me, do you not?”

“Y-yes.”

“Good boy.” Hannibal settled on the bed beside Will, still fully clothed. “I am so happy to have you, my perfect omega.” Hannibal sweetened his words with caresses along Will’s sides and stomach to make the omega shiver. “Tonight, I will not take you until you are as wet and willing as one in heat.”

Will gasped as Hannibal’s mouth closed over one of his nipples while two fingers pushed between his legs to play with his opening, still tender and sensitive from activities earlier in the week.

Hannibal sucked and nipped both nipples to hardness as his fingers worked Will below, appreciating how the pale pink shade so closely mated the blushing omega’s lovely lips. Drawing down the omega’s body Hannibal pulled Will’s legs up and apart to examine the dripping hole. The omega was already wet and panting with arousal but gasped out louder at the touch of a tongue, flicking along his perineum to his hole.

“Hannibal,” Will whimpered, squirming as the alpha lapped more persistently at his hole. His orgasm caught him by surprise and left him limp as Hannibal lowered his legs back onto the bed.

Licking traces of slick from the corner of his mouth, Hannibal stood up from the bed to slowly remove his own clothes, eyes raking up and down the omega’s body. Finally Hannibal settled between Will’s legs and pushed into him. He savoured the sweet keening noises Will made as he was fucked, slow and deep, the pitch increasing as Hannibal resumed sucking marks around his nipples and up the side of the omega’s neck and the perfect accompaniment to the delicious feeling of using his omega’s hole.

The hard oak surface pressed uncomfortably against his face and hurt as his hips were pressed against the edge of the desk. One of his arms was still trapped behind his back and the other lying useless, unable to do anything. With each thrust that stretched him painfully the weight above and on top of him pressed him further into the wood...

“Hannibal please, stop!” Will started to hyperventilate, eyes screwed shut against the sensations projecting into his head.

Hannibal immediately paused above the omega, noting the new distress, withdrawing and moving to untie Will’s hands. “Is something wrong, my sweet?” Hannibal guided Will to sit up.

“I don’t know,” Will stuttered, bringing a hand up to his face, smooth now under his shaking fingers. Looking down he noticed guiltily that the older man was still hard. “I’m sorry.”

“Shh, you have no need to apologise,” Hannibal chided. “What was it that made you so frightened?”

“I really don’t know,” Will repeated honestly. “I guess, that some of the things people said effected me more than I wanted to let on. So much that happens now is like subtext that people don’t feel polite talking about but that... Being so open...” Will brought still shaking hands to his neck and clumsily undid the omega collar.

"A tradition that has somewhat fallen out of style for some but still quite popular overall."

Will snorted although the sound was close to a smothered sob. "It's a stupid tradition. Please, don't ask me to wear it again."

"I won't ask you to." Hannibal gently pulled the omega into his arms and lay back down, holding the younger man neatly against his side until he had stopped shaking and ignoring his own neglected erection.

Chapter End Notes

As always let me know what you think :)

~~I hope that I was not the only Fannibal who while watching Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them last year thought something along the lines of 'Oh, well good for you, Franklin. Some new friends, dream job and a lovely girl, well done.' xD~~

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will stared blankly at the test for a long moment before reaching blindly for the edge of the bathtub to sit down and buried his face in his other hand. Two others already discarded had shown the same little pink plus symbol. Only a few minutes ago he'd woken in Hannibal's bed-theirs as he couldn't bring himself to say- feeling entirely spent but oddly content, the older man still wrapped around him in sleep. A touch of nausea had been all it took to shatter that moment, sending him stumbling to the bathroom and reminding him of a similar feeling experienced the past two mornings. He still clung to disbelief and denial for the few more seconds to add up the days since his last heat.

They had only been together for less than two months, it was far too soon to even begin discussing the hypotheticals of a family. They had mentioned children, in passing only, in one of their earliest sessions but Will knew he had not been entirely truthful to the alpha.

“Will?”

For a brief moment Will considered hiding the test, lying about the result just to give himself a little more time to mull everything over before dismissing the thought as ridiculous. In a few days when he didn’t start displaying symptoms of late pre-heat there wouldn’t be any plausible excuse, provided of course that the man hadn’t already drawn his own conclusions and merely been waiting for Will to notice himself which wouldn’t be that surprising considering the man’s attention to detail and the box of home tests left innocently towards the front of the medicine cabinet.

He heard the door click open but Will didn't look up from the test in his hands as the alpha knelt beside him, gently prying his fingers loose.

“I’m pregnant.” Will was surprised at how calm his own voice sounded as he struggled to sort through the feelings of panic and betrayal from his own body, again, as he was pulled to his feet and into the alpha’s arms without preamble.

“Oh Will, this is wonderful,” Hannibal said, pressing a kiss to the younger man’s forehead. “I was concerned that the years of suppressants would have more lasting damage on your body.” Hannibal was careful to allow the perfect amount of satisfaction into his voice in order to prepare for what the omega would surely ask next.

The older man’s reaction only made Will feel worse for how unexpected it was. Nothing about the other man suggested that he would want children interrupting the order he valued so highly. “You don’t think it’s too soon?” Out of the corner of his eye he noticed the alpha cock his head slightly, trying to catch his gaze properly.

“Although you and I have not been long mated I don’t believe I’ve left any doubt about my feelings for you. I will admit that the appeal of children is something I haven’t always seen

but a child carried by you…that would a blessing."

"I never imagined having kids in any sense," Will admitted softly. "I'm not sure I…I don't think I can do this." The words felt like a confession and Will half expected the alpha to pull away in disgust but instead the arms tightened around him. Hannibal merely held him, saying nothing.

"If that is how you feel the decision must be yours, Will. I will not pressure you towards any choice you may regret." Underneath the understanding words and the appropriately compassionate doctor's tone there was a hint of sadness Will wouldn't have failed to notice even without the having heard the earlier words.

"In other words," Will said although his voice trailed off into a sob. "Everything you just said…"

Hannibal withdrew the arm around Will's shoulders to finally tilt his chin up.

"I do not require children if you do not wish to be a mother but I cannot condone abortion unless you are certain beyond all doubt. Please Will, let me finish. I know that you carry a part of each monster Jack sends you after in your mind along with the ghosts of victims that you believe you were not able to save long after the conclusion of a case. In your case the emotional damage of an abortion would haunt you for the remainder of your life with guilt, however unwarranted, and questions of what could have been. I do not wish to see you suffer that."

"If I decide that's the right thing for us? Or just the only option available?"

"Then I will support you in that decision."

"I can't think about this right now," Will said finally. "I need to go." He tried to pull away from the older man.

"Will," Hannibal said, holding the omega tightly against him, still keeping his chin tilted up. "If you reach the conclusion that you cannot go through with this do not take permanent action on your own. Promise me this."

Will found himself nodding once before he was reluctantly let go.

The theatre had already been cleared in advance by the time the forensics team arrived but apparently not quickly enough as photos and a crudely vivid article had already been released on TattleCrime. Will swallowed down bile as he stepped back to the edge of the stage, barely listening to the riffs being exchanged between Beverly and Price about catgut strings. The body positioned in the centre of the stage under a single spotlight likely prepared elsewhere and brought to the place of significance to display. As yet there had been no help in CTV footage or sign of how the killer had gotten into the building after hours undetected. The artistry, a man carved open with the neck of a cello forced down and through his throat, had

been enough to be considered a possible victim of the Chesapeake Ripper although when viewed in comparison there was very little.

The victim's ID had been left in his pocket, suggesting that the killer had wanted him to be identified quickly rather than simply lazy based on the effort placed in the rest of the display. Will had no doubt that this was personal, not against the victim himself but putting on a private show for someone in a manner the killer expected they would enjoy.

He flinched, internally cursing himself for the pathetic response, as Jack stepped up to him and shook his shoulder, effectively pulling him out of the half trance he'd been drawn into by the new killer's mantle. He could feel the anger radiating off the alpha like heat as he always did with anything concerning the Ripper and tensed himself for the likely forthcoming rage directed at him as he knew with everything else on his mind he didn't have the energy to fight him hard on it.

"What do you see?"

"It's not the Ripper but, I think they may be serenading another killer."

"Could that be him?" Jack asked, still clinging onto the possibility of involving his white whale.

Will sighed, dragging a tired hand through his hair as he tried to find the words to make him understand why that could not be so. Jack was not a fool yet he could not resist any chance to connect with the Ripper, his personal obsession. "There's nothing to suggest that but whoever did this isn't acting for the first time. He, or she, has been doing this for a while and now they think they have an opportunity to show off for a potential friend in a new way."

"Is that all?" The sarcasm heavy in the alpha's voice was painful to hear as he dismissed the truths he didn't want to hear: another killer on the loose and likely the beginning of a long cycle of bodies.

"The vocal cords have been treated," Beverly piped up, examining the bow left beside the body. "I don't know how many people would think you can just slice and get a good sound off them."

"People with connections to the orchestra would be a start. Other players, longterm patrons and music store owners and providers. They knew what they were doing, Jack."

"It's funny that you would say that, because I remember when you had more to contribute than obvious crap that doesn't help at all!"

Will fought the impulse to automatically pull away from the outburst but it was more difficult to control his reactions without the beta guise to hide behind and already strung out thinking about his pregnancy, praying that no one would be able to smell it on him.

Thankfully it wasn't long before the alpha stormed out, barking at him to go look into connections in the arts community. Weirdly enough, even if he had lost a good deal of respect

of most of his colleagues Jack was actually one of the ones who didn't treat him that differently from before.

As he drove to work Hannibal thought about Will's pregnancy and the changes and plans he would need to import over the next few months. The omega had still been shaken when he left the house and had the option been there he would have preferred to cancel his appointments and keep Will home for the day to see that he adjusted correctly. Will was strong willed so it may take time but Hannibal was convinced that it was not in the omega's nature to spurn the child he had made and due to his own biology would unavoidably begin to feel the unconditional love towards it by the time it had grown enough to move inside him, if not sooner with the first scan showing a fragile heartbeat.

His own feelings on the prospect of having a child were not quite as he had said to Will. It was true that children were inconvenient and without the careful nurture so many parents neglected to give would become vulgar, greedy and cantankerous creatures but offspring was the natural progression of a bonded pair's relationship. Indeed to the majority of their society, crippled by narrow-minded views, it was the purpose of every relationship that could be considered 'natural'. For a long time Hannibal had never felt that pressure nor had any individual before Will interested him enough to attempt to accommodate a long term relationship. Despite this, the instinctive part of himself that he had learned to encourage in only one aspect of his life still growled in proud appreciation that he had managed to successfully breed his omega on the first fully fertile try.

A mate and children certainly would be advantageous to him should he ever fall under suspicion of his crimes but had a cover been all he wanted there were plenty of omegas of suitable aesthetic appearance with none of the dangerous intelligence and perception that had drawn his attention to Will even before he had known for certain that he was an omega.

He had no doubt that one day Will's perceptive mind would uncover the truth about him, quite likely unintentionally, although of course that was a part of the appeal of him as a mate. If one day it did come to that before Will was ready to accept him a child would be the best way to ensure his silence. True, the omega would know from first hand experience how little credibility his claims would have within a legal system that viewed members of his secondary sex as below secondary citizens or property of their mates or parents so it would not be difficult to prevent him but it would be preferable for the omega to choose to keep his secrets rather than force him to.

Due to a cancelation Hannibal was left a free hour to update and complete several drawings, the happy confirmation from his mate still on his mind. The months ahead would call for some changes but there was much to look forward to. Hannibal imagined how Will's body would change, his hips widening, belly growing and curving out from his thin frame and developing sweet little omega breasts, swelling with nutritious milk. The omega already made such sweet noises when his nipples were handled and would likely only grow more sensitive with time. Smiling, he set down the page to run his fingers along the surface of the desk remembering the beginnings of both Will's first and second heats shared in his office. The omega had already been in the thick of it when he staggered into the office, throwing

himself at the alpha without hesitation and already struggling with the confining layers. There was a certain delight however juvenile in knowing that a number of surfaces around his office were now lightly embellished with his omega's delicious, wanton scent and pheromones even if the residue was not quite enough for others to trace the source.

And what of his beautiful mind, would the omega grow increasingly passive under the influence of his hormones or would the developing love and protective instincts towards the foetus push him closer towards the ending Hannibal had envisioned for them. A completely docile omega was quite dull but one almost equally dangerous as himself but still submissive exclusively to his alpha when called to be was quite a tantalising image and one he would patiently work towards.

The arrival of Franklin fifteen minutes early was irritating but far from enough to damage his good mood. The snivelling beta had done him the favour of cancelling his last two appointments after being told firmly in their last session that events such as the 'accidental' meeting at the opera house were not appropriate. He seemed more stressed than was usual and still a little embarrassed when Hannibal opened the door and greeted him exactly on the hour mark.

"I'm worried about Tobias," Franklin said at once.

Hannibal covered up his slight surprise at the mention of the other alpha not because there was any doubt in his mind that the man was a killer and fancied himself on equal standing as he himself was as that had been clear from meeting the man, but that the beta was even vaguely aware of the predator he'd been clinging to. He listened as the man relayed his fears and amateur attempts to explain the other's actions while considering the possible benefits and risks posed by the offered friendship extended to him through an oblivious messenger. Hannibal had no interest in accepting the man's offer although he could not be left alone as he clearly had some knowledge of the doctor's own pastimes. By the time he ushered Franklin out of the office he had made up his mind.

The invitation to Budge to remain for dinner after restringing his harpsichord was a necessity rather than genuine desire although he had allowed the younger to believe that. It was not surprising that the young man felt a desire to share his work with someone he viewed as likeminded as so many lesser killers were caught for that simple desire for understanding or at the very least attention. There were easier ways to dispose of the man but for all his audacity it was uncouth to take advantage of the extended trust.

"I may be contacting you again soon. Although I have always preferred the sound of a harpsichord my mate is quite skilled at the piano but I'm afraid the instrument is not subjected to regular maintenance. It is after all, so hard to find experts able to provide good services." He recalled his own surprise at the neglected but clearly recently added instrument somewhat lost amidst the boat motors and mismatched furniture of Will's old living-room and how much coaxing it had taken for the omega to play something.

"It's been a while," Will had admitted. *"Assistance scholarship requirement, it was that or taking Romance Literature through the Ages in senior year."*

The younger alpha's mouth twisted up slightly in diastase. "Far too true. There are so many who have not enough respect for the finer arts anymore."

Hannibal looked up across the room as he finished laying the table but the man didn't elaborate. He excused himself, checking first on the process of their meal and then headed upstairs.

Will had been asleep, still fully clothed on top of the sheets when he had returned home. It was better that Will didn't witness the conversation with Budge and Hannibal had taken the precaution of administering a mild sleeping agent to ensure he didn't wake too soon. Based on the disarrayed state of the sheets he had been thrashing through a nightmare pushing the sedative to move quicker through his system than intended. A pity but not too difficult to work around. Hannibal left the door ajar before going back downstairs.

"Will has been unwell recently so he will not be joining us."

"What a shame, I was looking forward to talking some more with him," Tobias said although his expression and tone suggested he was quite happy either way. "I didn't remember at the time but I had heard both your names before, aside from how Franklin talks of little other than you of course. A particular...news site devoted to the macabre."

"If it is TattleCrime you are referring to than I would caution you against taking too much at face value."

"I remember a certain amount of fuss over a group of missing girls in Minnesota a few months ago. If I recall correctly you were both present at the apprehension of the man responsible but it wasn't until the most recent article that your mate was referred to as an omega. Quite an impressive effort really, considering. Don't worry, that's not my area of interest." The alpha laughed with an air of false self deprecating humour. "I'm much more fasciated by your work."

"Are you Tobias? I do wish I could say the same," Hannibal paused, measuring the confused look on the other male's face as he cut another piece of his dinner. "I hope you will not take offence if I skip over some formalities and discuss the man from the symphony you killed and left at the theatre."

"All those sheep have a fascination with the more creative aspects of death and murder even if it scares them, and they would love the idea of you. You shouldn't worry about me telling anyone; it can be very dull being more in touch with natural instincts than regular creatures." Tobias folded his hands over the edge of the table, all attempts at eating forgotten for the moment. "I could use a friend."

Hannibal laid down his cutlery to look at the other man. "I appreciate the offer but I have no interest in being your friend." After a moment Tobias's eyes fell to his barely touched plate. "I assure you I have not poisoned you Tobias. I would not spoil the food like that." Hannibal

was surprised and slightly disappointed that the man had assumed as such. A soft thud from upstairs interrupted the silence and Hannibal rose to his feet.

“If you would excuse me?”

“By all means.”

Hannibal was not particularly concerned about leaving the other killer alone and confident of his own abilities if the man chose to stay on another’s home ground over escaping. He found the omega lying on the floor by the bed.

“Will? Are you alright?”

“Yeah, fine,” Will muttered, still sounding drowsy. “I think I rolled off. God, that’s embarrassing. What time is it?”

“A little after eight. Come, dinner is prepared. I could not bear to disturb you before but it is being kept warm in the oven.”

Will pulled himself up awkwardly, still feeling tired but brushing off the offered hand. “Normally I’m not able to sleep during the day at all.”

“You have overworked yourself again,” Hannibal chided.

“It wasn’t a great day,” he admitted as he followed the alpha downstairs.

“Is someone else here?” Will asked, noting the three places set at the table.

“A former colleague who invited himself but was called away unexpectedly. Thankfully, I must admit. As crude as it may sound many old acquaintances are better left in the past. As indispensable as peers during medical school were, there is not a lot left in common once the stress of studies has been completed.” Hannibal collected Tobias’s abandoned plate and left to the kitchen, returning a moment later with the covered plate he had set aside for the omega.

“I can’t imagine you as a stressed student,” Will said, feeling himself smile at the notion.

“Is that something you find amusing?” Hannibal glanced fondly at the omega, glad to see his mate looking less stressed. He settled back down in his seat.

“Well it seems like everything comes so naturally to you. Kind of makes you seem more human. I guess it’s comforting.”

Satisfied with seeing his omega in significantly higher spirits than he had been that morning Hannibal avoided discussing Will’s pregnancy.

It was not until after they had gone to bed that Will could work up the courage to talk properly.

It was difficult to try and examine his own feelings through an objective sense. Thinking on his own lonely, challenging childhood and teen years from a combination of his own issues, his father's and the natural stigma surrounding omegas and the far from persuasive argument he had managed to set for his own principles there were plenty of reasons for why he would make an awful parent. Still, he could not deny that he did not want to abort even if from one point of view that seemed like the kindest overall option, already feeling something akin to fondness despite the irrationally of that.

Will turned over onto his back, letting his hand rest on his navel.

The omega knew that his fear of children was not the core problem, merely a likely consequence of it. He had been afraid for so long of being forced into a bond with an alpha who would take everything from him, treating him merely as an object and means of making babies, and had buried all hopes of finding a partner who would want him as he was as it seemed impossible. Will still refused to call what had happened between them fortunate but regardless he was still undeniably happier now than he had been and he believed he trusted the other man enough to undergo the risk even if he was not quite ready to say so.

His failings as a mother would not be from lack of trying and he would not have to do so alone. Between the two of them the little bunch of cells already slowly forming into a tiny human inside him had a chance of being alright.

"Do you think I'd be...okay as a parent?" Will said quietly. He felt foolish asking it but still could not resist. In the dim of the room he could just make out the alpha's profile as he turned onto his side.

"I believe so. I have already seen the necessary patience and nurturing instincts in your nature."

Will sat up, not wanting to look directly at his mate as he got through all he needed to say. "You were right before. After the Shrike case I remember being disgusted that a version of love could warp someone into such horrible things and since he's dead that's all we can know. It took me so long to get him out of my head and even now he and the others are just waiting in the wings." Will stopped, taking a breath. "Even though I doubt I'd be a good parent it's not kids I'm against, its just hard not to associate the idea with negative things."

Beside him the alpha sat up and ran a hand along the omega's back. "Is that your answer?"

"What I think I'm trying to say is that it's not something I would've wanted to do alone or at the cost of the alternative. That's not the case and I don't know if it's the best decision but it feels closest to right. I-I think, yes."

"Yes?" Hannibal paused sounding confused by the lighter tone before catching on. "Do you mean...?"

“Yeah, I do.” Will laughed in surprise as the older man pulled him back onto his lap, holding the omega against him wrapped snuggly in his arms.

“You wicked little minx,” Hannibal chuckled, pressing kisses to Will’s face and nape. Hands stroked down the omega’s belly and over his thighs to gently push them open.

“Han-” Will gasped, squirming as the talented fingers dragged along the inside of his thighs.

“You’ll be so beautiful, swelling with our child.” Hannibal nipped lightly at Will’s mating scar to feel the omega’s back arch.

The clichè words made Will feel like cringing even as his body responded. “God, you’re such a bastard.” Will gasped still breathlessly half laughing. With effort he pulled himself up off Hannibal’s wandering fingers, trying to reach back over his shoulder to kiss him but the alpha kept his attention on lavishing his omega’s face and neck with kisses.

Hannibal chuckled against flushed skin and dragged both hands back up his mate’s body to pull his t-shirt off over his head.

“My perfect omega,” Hannibal sighed, gently pressing his trembling mate forward to the mattress.

Chapter End Notes

Feedback is always appreciated :)

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Hello guys,

Thanks to everyone who has continued to the end of the series. It's been quite a bit of fun ~~creepy and disturbed, something is certainly wrong with me!!!~~ :)

P.s. Slight trigger warning for more description, non-con drug use and insight into how much of a possessive creep Hanni really is :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal had decided to wait at least few days before taking any further action in regards to dealing with Tobias Budge. The younger killer posed a threat even if it was unlikely that he would go to the police with what he knew, having no evidence and likely not wanting to draw unnecessary attention to himself. However, after close to two weeks of inaction he decided to try a different tact.

“I hesitated to mention it before as it borders on breaching doctor-patient confidentially,” Hannibal paused, pretending to still be considering his words. “One of my patients has expressed concern that someone close to him was responsible for a recent murder. You may remember the man in question, Tobias Budge.”

“Yeah, I remember. He said he owned a music store.” Will straightened slightly in his seat at the counter, suddenly alert. Having breakfast at the kitchen island instead of the dining room table had been intended only as temporary to make Will feel more comfortable in their home with the slight informality but quickly had become routine. Will’s eyes widened and Hannibal imagined he could almost hear the gears already turning.

“You already suspected him?”

Will blushed and shook his head. “I was looking over the scene again yesterday but I’d forgotten about him. It’s just-“ Will cut himself off as he tried to find the words. Something about the man that had made him seem unusually dangerous? Beyond the slightly made- man feel in his manner as if he had carved every piece of his fine life with hard, even indignant work or the choice of a companion who blindly grasped for any connection regardless of having nothing more in common. It was difficult to explain but if anyone could understand it was the man sitting across from him. “That may be worth looking into.”

“Will, I would rather you did not follow this lead yourself.”

“Why?”

“I would rather you did not put yourself in unnecessary dangerous situations,” Hannibal said, choice of words selected carefully. He knew that the omega was more than used to dismissive variations of that and made sure to keep the balance of concern, genuine and what was expected, level with faith in the other’s abilities.

Will rolled his eyes but tried to remind himself that unlike most of the people who wrote him off without much thought with his mate it was more to do with concern. “I’ll look into it but I might not even be cleared for interviews anyway.” Will pushed back from the island.

Hannibal walked around the counter to lay a hand on his mate’s shoulder. “I don’t want anything to happen to you, the present circumstances merely add another concern.”

Although he guessed that Will was still scared by the prospect of what was to come after only a short while the younger man was already showing attachment. It was noticeable in the way he reached to put his arm over his belly in public and had already begun researching on his own. It would not do to rapidly change his behaviour towards the omega as he would likely already be expecting that and would only serve to drive him away.

“What time will you be home tonight?”

Without thinking Will automatically let himself lean back against the alpha, forgetting for the moment that he had been asked a question. “Shouldn’t be late, I’ve only got morning classes but I’m going to need to talk to Jack eventually about, you know, and sooner might be less agonising than later.”

“Would you like me to accompany you?”

Will shook his head. “That’s alright. God, I’m actually kind of dreading going in to work today.”

“Perhaps you shouldn’t,” Hannibal suggested, pulling the omega more firmly against him.

“Don’t even try,” Will laughed as he pulled at the restraining grip. “I have a class in less than two hours. Where do you even get the energy?”

“You do not seem to understand quite how alluring you are, my sweet boy.” The words curled along Will’s skin like a caress and it was difficult to choke back an answering purr.

“Now I really need to leave or I will be late,” Will said weakly as the older man withdrew his ams.

Hannibal finished tidying up the minimal clutter as his blushing mate hurriedly gathered himself and left, wondering how exactly the day would unfold when Will went after Budge himself. Regardless of whatever he may have said the omega would not be able to stand merely suggesting a suspect without following through especially as he’d already had misgivings about the man in question. Hannibal did not doubt that Will could rise to the challenge if given the correct motivation and there was not likely to be another such perfect opportunity to test if the young man was truely worth his time and attention. All it had taken to ensure the timing would be perfect was a little push.

Hannibal was not prepared for the tightening in his chest at the sight of Tobias Budge stepping into his office. The majority of the blood staining his clothes looked to be his own from a gunshot wound and a deep scratch across his cheek but there was the smell of another's as well. The scent of omegan blood was more distinctive than any other secondary sex, the presence of hormone levels always noticeable and was known to invoke protective instincts and lust in equal measure to counter whatever emotion drove the inflicting blow, a residual reaction to protect omegas from being savaged too badly by their mates. With his own advanced senses and personal fascination with Will's scent there was no mistaking the source or that the high levels of progesterone would allow any other to recognise the blood as that of a pregnant omega.

He heard Franklin's clumsy attempts to pacify his friend and disposed of him quickly. There was not much enjoyment in such a clean kill and of such a weakling but he cared little for that, focused entirely on the rival he had underestimated and letting the grief fuel his anger. It was true that the younger alpha was somewhat of a challenge but Hannibal felt surprisingly little triumph at his death as it did nothing to elevate the feeling of doubt and panic over his mate. The quiet sense of loss was a pain and fear completely alien to him.

After making the immediate calls and rearranging his mask into that of a mildly traumatised victim he took a seat in his chair. Surely if Will were dead than Budge would have bragged of it directly so he could not be. The police, medical workers and FBI trickled in and out and finally Jack Crawford arrived and trailing somewhat dazed in his wake, Will. As the alpha approached him Will suddenly moved to pass him and made straight for his mate.

"I worried you were dead," Hannibal said, surprised at the amount of genuine emotion in the simple, honest words and the sense of relief seeing the omega alive and uninjured besides a bandage about his hand and bruising to one side of his face.

"So was I." Will smiled but seemed unsure about what to do.

"Come here." Reaching out Hannibal gently pulled Will forward the short distance, guiding him to sit on the edge of the wooden desk and let his own head rest against Will's ribs. Hannibal caught the uninjured hand, bringing it to his nose to breathe in the familiar comforting scent. His free hand wrapped around the omega's waist, holding on and letting his face be buried in the material of Will's shirt. Breathing in deeply and running his hands up and down his body to remind himself that his omega was here, safe, helped soothe the still raging pain and anger.

"I'm so sorry, I should've-I-"

"Now is not the time," Hannibal interrupted, pulling back to look up fondly at the man but keeping his hands respectively on Will's waist and upper thigh. "I should have known that simply asking you to prioritise your safety would not be enough to persuade you. Will, if anything had happened to you…" Hannibal found himself more once lost for words entirely. He knew he should punish Will for openly disobeying him, endangering both their lives and the extra one he carried in the process but Hannibal could not bring himself to be truely mad

when his Will had taken important steps in a direction he desired. What an astounding creature he had chosen.

“Hey, we’re both fine and you are going to be alright too. I’m so sorry this had to happen to you…”

Jack cleared his throat, interrupting the private moment within a still quite crowded room. Hannibal listened to Jack relay what he had already assumed including that with the recently made public truth about his secondary sex Will had had to argue his point significantly more so to be accepted and that the two now deceased police officers sent wth him had clearly considered it a waste of their time up until the point when a cello rod was pushed through the first officer’s neck.

“He killed two officers and attempted to kill… an FBI special agent,” Jack paused as his eyes flicked to Will, “And his first stop was here. Why?”

Hannibal had already answered near identical questions from the police and another agent so he allowed a trace of the frustration he was feeling to leak through his mask. Finally the alpha seemed to be drawing to a conclusion, the anger of information that may have been added by the two men now dead on the plush carpet that would never be recovered clearly noticeable.

“Before you go, Jack,” Hannibal paused to address his mate. “I assume you did not have the opportunity to discuss the changes needing to be made to your contract over the coming months?”

Will shook his head. “Now may not be the best time to-”

“What are you talking about?” Jack interrupted.

“Very well, my darling,” Hannibal conceded, ignoring the other alpha for a moment. “We will negotiate the terms when possible but in the mean time, Jack, Will is not going to be available for fieldwork.”

Jack appeared ready to begin shouting as he looked back and forth between the two before realisation dawned in dark eyes. He grimaced before turning away without another word. The other agents and medical staff slowly filed out leaving them alone at last.

“I really don’t need you to speak for me like that,” Will said quietly.

Hannibal reached to gentle him but the omega shifted away. The motion made him bristle in frustration but he concealed it. “Will, I know that if Jack asked you to you would follow him back to work today. I merely wish that you be allowed time to recover if needed.”

“This is my job.”

Hannibal pursed his lips, shifting towards the other again with a wince of pain just loud enough to draw the omega’s attention back with a healthy helping of guilt. “Come, sit.” He patted his uninjured leg drawing a surprised look from the omega before he carefully stood from the desk and angled himself into the other man’s lap.

“You know that I view your life as something precious and it is no longer a matter of only your health and safety being jeopardised by reckless behaviour,” Hannibal said softly. “I am proud that you were able to defend yourself against that man but you still disobeyed my orders and endangered your life. That does call for changes and some form of consequence.”

“Excuse me?” Will sounded a mix of confused and indignant.

“Calm down, Will. I have no wish to hurt you but I simply cannot pretend that what you did is appropriate.”

Will wanted to argue but remembering the way the older man had looked at him before, that the alpha had nearly died because he hadn’t been able to take Budge down on his own, he swallowed his pride and didn’t say anything.

Hannibal had woken later than he would normally but found Will still sleeping as he returned upstairs, already showered and dressed.

The brief period Hannibal had taken off work for appearances sake after the incident with Budge had been quiet. Although Will had returned to his classroom after only two days the continued break from profiling seemed to do him some good. Rather than punishing Will directly for his insolence Hannibal had allowed the quiet sense of guilt and humility to serve as a far more productive method.

Hannibal admired the way Will’s belly was just beginning to take on the unmistakable curve beneath his tightening sleep shirt. Pending motherhood had given Will a healthy glow but despite the taut skin he’d glimpsed more weight loss. Smiling fondly, he sat down on the bed, reaching briefly to the small drawer in the bedside table and leaned across to tilt Will’s chin up and kiss his plush lips. Using his tongue he transferred a small pill into the omega’s mouth, pressing just enough to make him swallow. The omega mumbled something incoherent as he woke but went without resistance when the alpha pulled him to lie half on his side across his knees.

“How did you engage in relationships before?” Hannibal said softly, laying his hand flat on the small of Will’s back.

“Hmm?”

“While you were still on suppressants how did you engage in intimate relationships,” Hannibal reiterated. “There must have been a lot of loneliness.”

“Oh…” Will yawned and tried automatically to shift but the pressure on his vulnerable lower back kept him still and pliant. “Well, the suppressants kept…some responses down and I’ve only really been with women beforehand.”

Hannibal had noticed that mornings were one of the better times to extract information from and to influence his omega when his brilliant mind was at its slowest. This had only become more so recently while combined with the ongoing effects of morning sickness. At no other

point could he so easily play the omega's body against him without the man even being aware.

Will whimpered low in his throat as his underwear was pulled down just enough to let prying fingers slip down to press against his hole.

"That is likely why you are still embarrassed by your heightening sexual urges, neglecting your poor omega hole and need for internal orgasms and daily stimulation so long. Omegan bodies are designed to do two things perfectly: creating and maintaining life and increasing pleasure for partners through their own," he went on in the same soft gentle tone. Hannibal stroked his hand up along Will's perineum and against his entrance, playing with the well-used flesh. He continued to tease until a trickle of slick wet his fingers and without hesitation pushed two into him. "There is something I would like you to do for me today, Will."

A soft 'oh' from the omega sounded as he scissored his fingers, working the wet hole more roughly then often was possible for him to do until he felt the omega beginning to harden against his knee. Abruptly Hannibal pulled his fingers out and Will's underwear up, smiling more broadly as slick continued to drip out to form a dark patch in the fabric and would begin to stick to the omega's skin.

Will lay dazed for several moments before struggling clumsily into a half sitting position against the alpha's side, squirming slightly at the wetness as if he was only just becoming aware of it without much understanding of the source.

"You…wanted…?" Will asked, still trying to shake off the weary grip of sleep that was almost like a much milder version of the blankness he experienced during heat. As much as he had grown to trust the alpha Will knew the older man was possessive and had seen a new side to him the day he had killed Budge. Hannibal pressed a rewarding kiss to Will's forehead.

"That's right, my good omega. A small act of penance for your recent disobedience in regards to Mr Budge." Hannibal crossed to the wardrobe. "Turn onto your front, please."

Confused, Will slowly turned over onto his elbows and knees but kept his head craned back to try and see what Hannibal's eye's widened. "Is that a…"

Hannibal sat back down on the bed and moved Will's legs to open him up a bit more. The toy in his hand was one of the smaller omeagan anal plugs he had purchased for his Will. Although wide enough to prevent leakage the ridged body of the toy was thinner than Hannibal was so would not pack up the omega's arse as much as he was used to, chosen instead for the way the hard, solid tip was designed to press insistently against the prostate with any movement but be barely noticeable when standing stationary. Perhaps he would send Will into work the following day with it in place, if not a larger plug to make each step he took cause the omega to bite down on his lip.

Will buried his face in the pillow as he felt his briefs being peeled down his butt.

"Hmm you are very wet, Will," Hannibal said, pressing a finger against the dripping hole. "This is not an unusual side effect of pregnancy so you should not be embarrassed." Without

another word he pushed the plug forward in one swift motion. After checking the plug was in place Hannibal crossed a second time to the large walk-in wardrobe. He leafed through the array of dress shirts hanging up before selecting a pale blue. Expensive material but one of the few not tailored directly to his own measurements. It would do nicely.

“Stand up and undress yourself.”

Will got up awkwardly, eyes flicking around the room as he pulled his undershirt off. He felt a little ill at ease but the traces of lust lingering on his mate’s face were somewhat intriguing. A tap to his hip and two fingers pinching the fabric drew made him realise that the alpha was talking.

“Underwear too, Will. Then raise your arms above your head.”

Will obeyed nervously, letting his damp underwear slip down his legs and raising his arms. The action stretched out his body and Will diverted his eyes to the floor, blushing self-consciously. Hannibal’s eyes drank in the sight for a moment, noting that aside from the small mound of his belly the omega’s body was growing thinner before picking up the dress shirt. Slowly he lowered the garment over Will’s head, leaving the top third of the buttons open. The shirt hung loosely on the slender omega and was long enough to cover his buttocks but stopped well above his knees.

“Hannibal, why…”

“Come,” Hannibal said softly, drawing the omega towards him with an arm around his waist. “It’s time for breakfast.”

Will hovered by the stool he normally sat on, uncomfortably aware of the wetness collected between his legs, the feel of the soft material against his bare skin and slight tugging of the plug at his still sensitive hole.

Hannibal chuckled lightly as he watched his mate fidget, setting down both their plates and taking a seat.

“I’m not really feeling hungry.”

"You've lost weight, Will.” The garment should not have hung so loosely around the younger man's slighter build. “You are already underweight for your height and as an expecting omega you are in more danger of a variety of ailments. Additionally, many first time omega mothers experience periods of mental absence that are best elevated by substantial food. Now, sit down.” A slight lie that suited his purposes.

The omega angled himself into a seat and picked up his fork. Hannibal concealed a smile at the way his omega continued to squirm in his seat as they ate. The omega aphrodisiac pill he’d slipped Will only added to the effects he would already be suffering.

“You seem distressed, my sweet,” Hannibal said after they had finished and Will had collected the empty plates. “Is something wrong?”

“I…” Will stuttered. He found he couldn’t describe the odd sensation, the plug rubbing against his sensitive insides enough to make him only mildly and uncomfortably aroused yet he could feel himself clenching around the plug and as wet as he would be on the second day of a heat cycle. “I feel really weird and I look ridiculous…this is cruel…”

Hannibal smirked, knowing the omega was not present enough to notice. “I see no reason why you would need anything else to wear. You will not be leaving the house today.”

"I look ridiculous," Will said again without much conviction as he let himself be pulled flush against the alpha.

"On the contrary, you look quite ravishing.” Hannibal smiled, sliding his hand a little further down his back. “It is a shame that I have appointments all morning.” Steady fingers pushed between the omega’s buttocks to pull on the loop at the end of the plug. “You will leave this in until I return and you will not pleasure yourself in that time. Do you understand?”

The omega in his arms nodded weakly but it could not be said if he understood. Hannibal guided him back upstairs with a small smirk.

It was late afternoon when Hannibal returned from work. As he had not tested the particular drug used on Will before he did not know what exactly would be waiting for him beyond the ten hour period of addled mind and heavy slick production advertised. He found the omega slumped half-asleep on the staircase. A quick examination showed the boy’s cock hard but untouched and his hole still wet and leaking but the plug in place.

Will opened his eyes wearily and reached out to the alpha, wordlessly begging. Smiling Hannibal pulled his mate to his feet. Will moaned loudly as the alpha kissed him hard on the mouth, one hand holding his head while the other started at his waist then slid lower to cup under his shirt. Rather than their bedroom upstairs Hannibal steered him the shorter distance to the living room, taking a seat and pulling the omega down to straddle his lap. As Will hesitated confused, having only ridden his mate once before while in heat Hannibal played with the end of the plug, increasing the pressure to draw more gasps from the other before finally tugging it free. Will squirmed in embarrassment at the sound and buried his face in the alpha’s shoulder as more liquid dripped down his legs.

“Shh, my sweet boy,” Hannibal soothed as he unzipped his pants. After running two fingers up Will’s thigh to collect some usable lubricant it was short work to stroke himself to full hardness and shift the omega into position. He could feel as well as smell how wet and needy his mate had been reduced to and couldn’t help but marvel at how beautiful that aroma would be later when blended with the sweet mix of almonds and ripe cantaloupe of omegan milk. “Are you ready, darling? Yes? Go on.”

Will hesitantly lowered himself down halfway onto the waiting erection, releasing a pained whimper at the thickness as he still had not been opened properly on the thin toy. Strong, hands moved at once to grip his hips and firmly push down until he was fully seated. Hannibal nuzzled at the omega’s neck as he guided him by the hips into a steady rhythm. Before long the younger man began to move his hips of his own accord but still made quiet

winces amid the pleasured so Hannibal pulled Will forward flush against his chest to increase the pressure to the omega's prostate, uncaring of the slick that would be drying on his trousers and both shirts. When Will slumped against him, finished, Hannibal quickly began to thrust less neatly into the gorgeous omega, knotting and filling him up only a few minutes later. Hannibal continued the light caresses, pulling the material of his shirt up to knead and stroke Will's trembling back and around to lightly pinch his nipples. It wouldn't be very long now before he started to lactate on his own and with a little nudge perhaps only a couple of weeks.

"You know there's something wrong with you," Will said quietly, weariness heavy in his voice after orgasming but regaining some of his mind. "You act a perfect gentleman so you can play the games you choose but under that…You're completely mad."

Hannibal smiled and nipped playfully at the healed over claiming bite. "Only for you, my sweet. Always." Kissing the place where his teeth had broken perfect soft skin, Hannibal rose to his feet and carried Will back upstairs.

It was months rather than days that passed before a manila file containing photos of a couple brutally killed and strung up like puppets in the shapes of angels was delivered to Will's tiny office. Both victim's skin on their backs had been peeled back to form the crude shape of wings more like those of a fly or beetle than a divine creature. Another two days passed before Crawford called him asking or ordering him to discuss it with him in person.

Will kept his head down as he passed the lab on the way to Jack's office. He'd barely begun to show but the way his hips had begun to shift to accommodate the next few months was more noticeable. The rest of the team were betas and therefore may not be able to recognise the scent but the amused look Beverly threw his way suggested he wasn't fooling anyone. It was a shame as all things considered he had always liked Beverly and wondered if the circumstances were a little different if they could have been friends.

Jack was on the phone but gestured for him to come in and sit over his shoulder. Will declined the latter and crossed to examine the back wall of the office covered with photos, highlighted exerts from reports and even photocopied pages from what looked to be a bible. The wall was divided roughly in half with the left devoted to the latest case, the Angel Maker, and the right closer by several feet to Jack's chair and clearly consisting of older documents, the Chesapeake Ripper. Half the papers would be removed and replaced with a new monster or sick human but the other was always looming. For the moment he focused on the first.

"Have you made any progress?" Will asked as he felt Jack come to stand beside him.

"Have you?" Jack asked instead.

Will had already sent along his report and most likely the older man had still bothered to read it but he reiterated anyway. "This person isn't motivated by any form of religion. He's terrified by something beyond his control so he's crafting bloody guardian angels to protect him from dying in his sleep. This would have taken effort and physical strength but it's not

art, he's panicked and irrational," Will paused. "Terminal illness is the best bet, most likely a brain tumour. The vomit on the nightstand should confirm that."

"That's not enough, Will. It takes time to access confidential medical files and no one wants to hear about cancer patients and their families being harassed by the FBI. We need to find him before he kills again."

"He already has, hasn't he?"

Jack silently indicated another file open on his desk. Will scanned the report and photos with a grimace. The scene was more public but that could mean anything from evolving and elevating his 'work' to a new level or winding up to a big finish.

"I've told you there isn't much I can tell from pictures. If you want my opinion why didn't you call me sooner?"

"You know why," Jack retorted. When Will looked back at him the alpha made no effort to hide the tendrils of distaste as he stared at the swelling under Will's shirt.

"No actually, I don't. We've followed every protocol to the letter and I don't see any reason why I would not be fit to continue my job. Do you, Jack?" Will fought to keep his voice even and blinked against the risk of angry tears. That was the last thing he needed right now while trying to make a point. When the older man continued to stare and said nothing Will closed the folder and left.

Hannibal could tell that his mate was upset after coming home from work but determined to wait until he was prepared to talk rather than coax information out at the risk of distressing him further. It was not until after they had both retired for the night and the omega was clearly still stressed that he asked.

"It was just…" Will trailed off. "Every time I manage to forget for a moment something happens to put me back in my place. It doesn't matter what I do and sometimes it still hurts."

Hannibal propped himself up on his elbow to regard the younger man better, mulling over the simple sad truth of his words.

"Dynamics have a tendency to complicate matters that should not be so. I have been given several natural advantages but I would rather be defined by titles that I have worked for and therefore earned. I was a surgeon, I remain a doctor and I am Will Graham's bonded mate." Hannibal sat up and pulled Will into his arms as he finished speaking.

Will chuckled somewhat sadly. "I wonder if it would be easier to believe that you are different from every other alpha I've ever met or just that none of the others put in any self-control or attempted to see past their own ignorance. There has to be more than that."

Hannibal didn't reply although Will would not have expected a response. Nonetheless Hannibal considered his words. Man remained a creature ruled very much by his instincts

and as in every form of society there was a hierarchy that placed someone at the top, a common area and the very bottom. He already knew that while he resisted the majority of his impulses, or released them in ways not traced in connection to himself, in his passion he often felt the urge to cover Will's creamy skin with bites and fine bruises and indulged in that, tracing the imprints of his fingers along the sated omega's hips regularly as the other lay against him. His mate was close to perfect in so many ways but the same stubbornness and resolve that had drawn Hannibal's eye could also be his undoing.

"Do you believe that other omegas are capable of pressing past every fibre that forces submission and blind compliance?"

"It's possible and I suppose it's harder to resist instincts that place you in a position of power over everyone else," Will agreed quietly. He let himself sink back against the alpha before gasping loudly.

"Will, what is it?" Hannibal shifted Will's weight to free his hands, two fingers pressing to the pulse point in his neck and the other hand mapping out his belly.

"No, its fine, I think," Will said breathlessly, his own hands moving down to guide Hannibal's. "I think that was a kick. Can you feel it?"

Hannibal readily rolled Will's shirt up to feel the small bump but shook his head. "It may be some time before the movements are strong enough to feel from outside."

Will looked crestfallen at that but shifted up on his knees enough to kiss press a brief kiss to the alpha's mouth. When he pulled back a small smile was on his face. "You know I love you, right?"

"I had hoped." Hannibal guided Will back into bed, lying down against his back to allow him to keep their legs twined and his arms about the precious omega. "As I love you." He pressed a soft kiss to Will's curls as the omega slowly settled against him, closing his eyes.

Hannibal had already seen the wonderful potential Will held, seen it confirmed again by his surviving the lesser killer Budge even if he hadn't killed him. In time he could be taught to see the beauty of his kills without being burdened by the morality of lesser beings. Hannibal would work towards developing both the desired sides to his almost perfect mate, teasing out the fledgling killer while making sure Will didn't try to diverge from the path he had chosen for them to ensure their life long term happiness.

Chapter End Notes

As always let me know what you think :)

End Notes

As always let me know below what you think :)

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